

Deepshikha Sharma

The Poppy War

Dear Poppy,

Lips laced with honey and poison
Breathe tinged with floral decay
I still dream about our sapphic sweetness
Addictive, Insidious, & Lethal

Rooted in rubble,
The aftermath of a war,
You try to bring it to me,
As I oscillate between sleep and fear

Suffocate me with your nimble hands
Possess me with your saccharine taste
Leave love letters all over my body
And reigns over my mind, when the sleep breaks

A flower of death
You squeeze the life out of me
Opium words, which are shards
Morphine blows, which turn blue
Yet I crawl back, begging for more
Knowing there is no after

Dear Poppy,

Hide from the world, yet seek my warmth
Invisible due to taboo,
Yet luring me in your field as the sun sets
As I radiate my heat and lose my shine

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A lap around the sun,
Still question my sanity
Sobriety or not,
I crave the insanity
I miss the raging battles
The push and pull of your gravity

Uprooted from my soil
You grow in foreign lands
The start and end of another war
Another lover, another victim
To nourish your needs
And feed your flaming red ego
Till you leave battle scars again